Hot. Come *Kate*, thou art perfect in lying downe,
Come, quicke, quicke, that I may lay my head in thy lap.
La. Go, yee giddy goose.

The Musicke playes.

Hot. Now I perceive the Divell understands *Welsh*.
And 'tis no marvell he is so humorous,
By'rlady he is a good musician.
La. Then would you be nothing but musicall,
For you are altogether by humours:
Lie still, ye theefe, and heare the Lady sing in *Welsh*.
Hot. I had rather heare, Lady, my breech howle in *Irish*,
La. Would'st have thy head broken?
Hot. No.
La. Then be still.
Hot. Neither, 'tis a womans fault.
La. Now God helpe thee.
Hot. To the *Welsh* Ladies bed.
La. What's that?
Hot. Peace, shee sings.

Heere the Lady sings a Welsh Song.

Hot. Come, i'le have your Song too.
La. Not mine in good sooth.
Hot. Not yours in good sooth? Hart, you sweare like a comfitmakers wife, not you in good sooth, & as true as I live, and as God shall mend me, and as sure as day:
And giv'st such sarcenet surety for thy othes,
As if thou never walk'st further then *Finsbury*.
Sweare me, *Kate*, like a Lady as thou art,
A good mouth-filling oath, and leave in sooth,
And such protest of pepper ginger-bread,
To velvet gards, and Sunday Cittizens.
Come, sing.
La. I will not sing.
Hot. 'Tis the next way to turne taylor, or be red-brest teacher: and the indentures be drawne, i'le away within these 2. hours, and so come in when you will. *Exit.*
Glen. Come, come; Lord *Mortimer*, you are slow,
As *Hot* Lord *Percy* is on fire to goe.

By